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DEATH OF RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

THE accompanying illustration represents Nicholas Ridley and Hugh Latimer, and the means used by their enemies to accomplish their destruction. These two men, like many others who lived in the sixteenth century, suffered death by being burned at the stake for their religion. They were born of parents who were connected with the Roman Catholic church and who, doubtless, were devotedly attached to it.

Nicholas Ridley was born in the county of Northumberland, England, and when grown to boyhood received the rudiments of his education at Newcastle. He exhibited, even in his earliest studies, marked aptness and gave promise of becoming intellectually a great man. Proportionate with his physical growth and advance in life was his ability to grasp facts as they came to his attention, until at no great length of time he enjoyed the honor of occupying the higher functions and offices of the

university of Cambridge. He was made chaplain to King Henry VIII., and subsequently became the Bishop of Rochester. In the reign of King Edward he was made the Bishop of London. Of him it is said by a historian: "He was wise of counsel, deep of

wit, and very politic in all his doings. He was anxious to gain the Catholics from their erroneous opinions and sought by gentleness to win them to the truth," so far as truth was understood by him.

Dr. Ridley, for such was the title this good man earned, was first affected in his faith of Roman Catholicism by the perusal of Bertram's book, which antagonized the several sacraments of his church. He subsequently held conversation with Archbishop Crammer and Peter

Martyr on religious subjects. Both of these men were able and earnest advocates of the Reformation, and their talk, taken with the reading of Bertram's book, completely won Ridley over to their opinions regarding the necessity of a change in the faith



RIDLEY AND LATIMER AT THE STAKE.

and practice of the then prevailing religion.

Hugh Latimer, Dr. Ridley's fellow-sufferer at the stake, was the son of Hugh Latimer, a respectable husbandman; he was born in Shirkeston, in the county of Leicester, England. From the turn of mind manifested by him in his extreme early youth, his parents decided upon training him up in literature. In this study his advancement was so marvelous, even in the common schools of his immediate neighborhood, that at the early age of fourteen he was prepared to enter Cambridge university. In this school he assumed other pursuits, but finally entered heartily into the study of the religion of that age.

Being at one time Bishop of Worcester, and having officiated at mass, he was a zealous defender of the Romish church and bitterly opposed the Reformation, as is showed by his attack on Melancthon. A person by the name of Thomas Bilney, observing Bishop Latimer's earnestness in the furtherance of his mistaken views, approached him with intent to win him and his energy over to the other and better side of the conflict — the Reformation. Mr. Bilney's hopes in this regard were fully realized, for after Bishop Latimer heard his clear and forcible explanations of the principle underlying the Reformation, he took up the cause of Protestantism and labored for it as diligently, yea, more so, than he ever worked against it.

Ridley and Latimer being now fully in sympathy with the cause of the Reformation, applied themselves unceasingly for its advancement; and so telling were their labors against the church of Rome that it decided, through its officer, to check them, not by reason nor argument, but by imprisonment.

Among the first acts of cruelty after the commencement of the reign of Queen Mary, was the arrest and imprisonment of Ridley and Latimer, first in the Tower of London, from thence they were conveyed to Oxford and confined in the common prison of Boccardo. While in confinement they were frequently interviewed by bishops and priests,

who endeavored by first using persuasive requests, to prevail upon these "heretics" to return to the church, which entreaties failed in the accomplishment of their object. They then indulged in a peculiar class of "argument," which partook largely of demands upon them to abandon their new doctrines, which also was unheeded by the two reformers, when the utmost powerful influence, accompanied by threats of being burned at the stake, were brought to bear on them to cause them to forsake their honest convictions and recant. The inducement of liberty from the dungeon, freedom from harm and the burning flames of the stake, were all unavailing to lead them back to the religion which they once professed but now regarded as hypocrisy and tyrannical, and consequently unacceptable to God.

While confined in the dungeon the conditions were such that it was imprudent to converse aloud on the subjects in which they were so much concerned, resulting from their perilous situation; they accordingly explained their feelings to each other by means of writing letters and receiving replies.

Ridley, keenly sensing the ordeal he had to go through and that he needed strength, wrote to Latimer thus: "For surely, except the Lord assists me with His gracious aid in the time of His service, I know I shall play but the part of a white-livered knight. But truly my trust is in Him, that in my infirmity He shall make me strong and that He can make the coward in His cause to fight like a man."

In reply, Latimer said: "Except the Lord help me, you say the truth, it is vain for me to strive. 'For without me,' saith He, 'you can do nothing, much less suffer death by your adversaries,' through the bloody law now prepared against us. But it followeth, 'If you abide in me, and my word abide in you, ask what ye will and it shall be done for you.' What can be more comforting!"

In course of time they were warned to prepare for their fate, which was that they should be burnt at the stake on the 17th of October, 1555, which news had no effect

toward changing their formerly expressed decided position. When the time of execution arrived and all things were in readiness, the two prisoners, Ridley and Latimer, walked forward between the mayor and one of the aldermen of Oxford to the stake. When on their way to the fire Ridley spoke some words of encouragement to Latimer, who assured him of his willingness to meet such a fate for such a cause. On reaching the stake, Ridley stepped forward to it and earnestly held up both his hands and looked towards heaven, then shortly after, seeing Latimer with a cheerful look, he ran to him and embraced him, saying, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flames or else strengthen us to abide it."

They knelt down and prayed fervently, afterwards Dr. Smith, a Roman Catholic, preached a sermon to discourage them, to which Dr. Ridley desired to make a reply, but was refused the privilege. He then said, "Well, so long as the breath is in my body I will never deny my Lord nor His known truth." Then arising to his feet he said with a loud voice, "I commit our cause to Almighty God, who will judge all."

After laying off their loose garments from their shoulders they each moved forward to the stake, and there, standing back to back, they placed the chain around their waists and when the smith was fastening the staple he was advised by Ridley to do his work well.

At this juncture Ridley's brother-in-law stepped forward and placed a bag of gunpowder around his neck, for which he received his thanks and was asked if it were not possible for one to be brought to his brother, Latimer, by which means it was hoped their sufferings would be brought to a more rapid end. A lighted fagot was now brought and laid at Ridley's feet, upon which Latimer said, "Be of good comfort, Mr. Ridley, and play the man, we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust never shall be put out." When Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him he cried in a very loud voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I

commend my spirit! Lord, receive my spirit!" and continued often to repeat, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit." Latimer, on the other side, also cried aloud, "O Father of heaven, receive my soul!" After which he soon died, seemingly with very little pain. His fellow-sufferer was less fortunate than he, because the fire around him burned more slowly and in consequence prolonged his agony. At length, however, the flames reached the gunpowder, when he fell at Latimer's feet.

A. M. Buchanan.

THE DRAMA OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 230.]

AS THE curtain rises upon this new beginning of life, we watch with interest the movements of the actors who are to continue in the plot of the world's drama. Surely, we say, will the great and terrible lesson taught by the Almighty in His wrath to the wicked, cause these new generations to obey His commands and walk before Him uprightly. But no, these warnings were given in vain, and the blessings showered upon them by God in the fullness of His love, cause them to covet even greater glories than have been vouchsafed. Going beyond the idolatry of those who had been destroyed, they determined to wrest by their own will the secrets of heaven.

Moved in the pride of their hearts to vain imaginings with boastful words they gather out upon the plain and prepare to build that mighty tower by whose stairway they are to penetrate into heaven. But a strange curse falls upon them. Stricken in the hour of their idolatrous work, these vain toilers find themselves helpless and confounded, their tongues powerless to utter their will, their ears deaf to the meaningless words of others. The anger of the Lord is again visited upon a faithless people, and separated by the strange curse, they are scattered abroad upon the face of the earth to dwell forever.

Generations come and go, and the earth is

filled with a multitude of peoples. At length God shows the designs of the great plan which He has prepared for the children of men, and in the call of Abraham we see the first establishment of a church of the saints of God, the first actual practice of the principle by which the favored ones of God are set apart and dedicated to His ministry on earth. Through the trials and wanderings of generations of the descendants of the favored prophet, we see the church carried through many woes triumphant. Miracles and blessings follow the chosen—angels minister to them, and the bushes of the desert burn with holy fire as God's spirit manifests itself materially in the presence of His chosen seed. The billows of a great sea are held in check, for the escape of His people held in bondage by the rulers of an alien land.

Never is the help and cheer of the Divine Being withheld while His servants continue faithful to His commandments. As centuries pass, we see the wonders wrought by man—great cities are built, palaces are erected for the abodes of kings, and temples and tabernacles for the worship of the Most High. Kingdoms flourish and are overthrown. Kings live in splendor, and wisdom is born from them that shall outlast the ages. Inspired prophets utter warnings and commands, and foretell the punishment of the wicked—the reward of the good. Throughout the great drama, mingled with the events that attend its progress are heard the songs of the psalmists proclaiming the glory and sounding the praises of God, a chant of harmony which lulls the clamorous notes of strife and sin.

How eventful are the scenes in the history of those elder empires. We watch with wonderment the spread of myriad peoples upon the face of the earth. Assyria lies before us with its great city—Nineveh the magnificent with its line of kings boastful of pomp and power and warlike achievements. Chaldea with Babylon the great—the type of the world. Egypt full of strange revelations of character and power, its splendid cities, strange monuments, and symbols which are to stand as a mystery

through the ages, full of hints and meanings of some great and mysterious power. Its remarkable civilization and institutions, besides its influence in the destinies of God's people, thrill us with a strange interest. Here we see mysterious monuments standing grand and immutable through centuries. What mighty pictures what thrilling scenes are enacted during the time that those grand monuments stand unchanged and watchful beneath the eternal skies. What kingdoms rise, flourish and decay—what mighty events transpire in their sight. In this land of sandy deserts stretching away before them, and upon the banks of that great river moving solemnly in their midst, are enacted some of the greatest scenes of the world's history. From the stay of Joseph, through scenes of captivity, of plague and pestilence, and of triumph through God's miracles, during His interposition in the affairs of the children of Israel; through scenes of conquest enacted successively by the victorious rulers of Greece and Rome, we see it pass, till the fulfillment of God's word, it dwindled to a place of insignificance among the natives of the world.

Now a new scene presents itself. Spreading eastward beyond the blue waters of the Mediterranean, we see the country within whose narrow limits are to be enacted some of the greatest scenes in the world's history. We know this from the Bible as Palestine, the land of the Philistines—those fierce idolaters, with whom the Israelites are to wage their fiercest wars. We see the twelve tribes of Israel led by Joshua into this promised land, and the great wars waged successfully with the chosen ones.

Men and women of renown walk before us—Samson, Delilah, David and Saul, we behold Solomon in his splendor, uttering his inspired truths, and building the great temple of Jehovah with prayers and songs of praise, and then falling into idolatry and sin. We see the kings of Israel visited for their wickedness by the severe punishment of God. Captivities, banishment, with reward and triumph, shadow their fall from grace, or shine upon

their faithfulness. Through all there is the whispering of prophecy, foretelling the mighty events that shall happen to make the name of Palestine a word that shall echo in men's ears forever, and its plains a hallowed place drawing men's reverent eyes through all time.

As the great drama goes on, strange scenes open continually before us. We see new countries, flourishing in the full glory of kingdoms, with great men risen to power and struggling for the empire of the world. Behold a new scene now opens, upon which we look with breathless interest. A land lies before us whose name is to awaken the wonder of the world, and whose achievements are to exercise an influence upon men's minds for ages in all that is worthy of emulation, whether of deed or thought. Do you see those mountains, Olympus, Ossa, Pelion? Surely you have heard their names for they have been made immortal by one of the world's greatest poets. Their rugged lines stretched across the land, and the sea, bounding the spreading plains to which they slope, completes an imposing picture. It must be a great race which is reared amid these majestic surroundings, for the mountains and the sea have much to do in moulding the character of a people. It is hard to cherish petty thoughts, or to perform ignoble actions, in the sight of the lofty mountains or the sounding and wide-spreading sea. They must always have an influence to lift the thoughts and expand the soul.

A great place have the people of this country won already among the nations of the earth, and a great power are they henceforth to exert upon the destinies of the world. Warriors and wise men rise and are renowned; poets sing in strains that move the hearts of men for ages. Sculpture and painting have here their glorious birth, and the noblest power of language is attained.

It is the land of Greece, and here, together with all the achievements of thought, we are to witness some of the greatest deeds of valor that the history of the world can show. See, as we look there are preparations for a great

battle. Events have transpired which have brought to a crisis the fortunes of Greece. Having braved the anger of the great Persian monarch by aiding his subject cities in revolt, the Greeks await in dread the fall of the blow which the conqueror has threatened, and which seems to foretell the complete destruction of Greece. The fate of the battle which is impending, is a great issue, one that will effect not only the fortunes of the little republic of Greece, but also the progress and civilization of the whole world. The people who seek to conquer them are barbarians, coarse and uncouth by nature and training, and under their sway the refinement and graces achieved by the Greeks, must pass away.

The danger is great, for the forces of the barbarians are greater in number ten times than those of the Greeks. But among the latter there are great generals—whose genius is, together with the courage of the Greek soldiers, to equal the overwhelming numbers of their foes. This scene upon which we are looking is the plain of Marathon, and upon that hill which slopes gently to its level, we see the Greek soldiers ranged, with Miltiades, the Athenian general, at their head. Along the plain a mile away, the great Persian army is drawn up, and behind them on the sea shore is ranged the Persian fleet.

Before the great armies engage in conflict, let us try to imagine the feelings of the Greeks upon this momentous day. The Medes and Persians whom they are about to meet in battle, have pursued a career of triumph, conquering country after country, and overturning the most ancient dynasties. Nearly all the world has been taught the folly of offering resistance to these invincible foes. With a knowledge of these lessons in their minds, and with the sight of the immense forces of the enemy ranged before them, it is not strange that the Greeks experience a trepidation in meeting them, that amounts almost to terror. Some, indeed, are in favor of submitting without a struggle and surrendering their liberties to the enemy.

But Miltiades, with burning words, inspires new courage and valor in their hearts, and persuades them to engage in battle.

Realizing the danger of waiting in the face of these formidable foes for attack, Miltiades gives the word of command and the Greeks rush down the hillside upon the astonished Persians. Scornful and confident in their numbers and strength, the foe wait carelessly to see the Greeks plunge madly to their destruction. But their indifference does not last long. With a fierce sweep the Greeks are upon them, and soon the whole great line is in conflict. Unable to withstand the fierce attack, the enemy fall back and at last flee to the ships. The Persians are routed, and Marathon is won. Ages may pass but the greatness of the victory shall not be forgotten, and the name of Marathon remains a theme upon which both poet and minstrel may found their lays of enduring praise.

The wrath and hatred of Darius is only increased by this defeat, and he resolves to collect the entire forces of his empire, and overwhelm the Greeks. But death claims him before he can carry out his plans, and Xerxes, his son, is left to carry out the project. For ten years the great design has been preparing, and every nation has sent soldiers to swell the attacking ranks. Strange and barbarous tribes are assembled together, wandering and wild hordes from the far regions of Asia, vast bands from the deserts, armed with hugh pieces of wood, whose ends have been sharpened with fire; black-skinned Ethiopians from the far-off regions of the upper Nile, their bodies painted with white and red, and clothed with the skins of lions and panthers—these and many more are assembled to take part in the great conflict which is to decide the destiny of Greece.

At length all is ready. Let us look upon the great mass as it sets forth in pomp and splendor to invade Greece. A thousand Persian horsemen lead the way and a thousand footmen follow carrying spears which are ornamented with pomegranates of gold.

Behind them come ten sacred horses, and the sacred car of Jove, and here the Persian monarch sits in a chariot drawn by eight horses decked with trappings of gold. The rest of the vast army follows in bodies of ten thousand, the horsemen riding proudly on their white steeds, and the spear men marching between, bearing on high their glittering weapons, while cavalry and infantry follow in solid phalanxes of ten thousand each.

As this vast army marches forward, they are met on the way by the submission of many of the Greek cities, whose inhabitants have been awed by the news of their numbers. Sparta and others of all the Greek cities remain fervent in their patriotic desire to save Greece. In spite of the immense numbers of the foe, they are determined to oppose them, and every effort is made to unite the Grecian race in a grand league for the defence of their country. But terror has been inspired by the news of the countless hosts marshaled against them, and while many of the Grecian states tender submission, others refuse to take part in opposing them. In spite of this, the Greeks with the few forces which they can command, prepare to resist the enemy.

Among the northern mountains which protected Greece from the encroachments of outsiders, there is a narrow defile through which the hosts of Xerxes must pass, if they would effect an entrance into Greece. This defile is known as the pass of Thermopylæ. In its narrow space a small portion of the Grecian force is stationed with a number of allies. Leonidas, the Spartan general, is in command, and notwithstanding the number of the forces whose attack he must meet he is confident of being able to repulse them. All who enter the pass can do so only with the certainty of being cut off by the band ensconced within its shelter. Confident in his belief that his position is entirely impregnable, Leonidas awaits the coming of the Persian armies. While they are preparing for attack, Leonidas learns that there is a path which leads over the mountains by

which the foe may march into Greece without passing through Thermopylæ. If the enemy should chance to discover this secret, every hope of opposing their progress is vain. Hastily despatching a portion of his force with orders to station themselves at the summit of the mountain over which the path winds, Leonidas, with the small remnant of his force, takes his place in the pass of Thermopylæ.

At length the glittering hosts of Xerxes appear. He has heard that a handful of men have rashly determined to defend the pass; but cannot believe that they will be mad enough to persist in the face of his mighty numbers. He sends a messenger calling upon them to surrender. The messenger returns with the word that Leonidas will defend Thermopylæ to the death. Still incredulous, Xerxes delays the attack, assuring himself that he will soon receive the surrender of the little band. But Leonidas sends a second message, telling him that if he would have their arms, he must come and take them.

At this Xerxes despatches a body of his fierce allies, the Medes, to overwhelm them, and bring them prisoners before him. They advance bravely, and commence the attack, but courage and numbers are of no avail in the narrow pass, where the Greeks, armed with their long spears, keep them at bay. Ten thousand more of his tried soldiers are ordered to advance, but again the brave Greeks prove themselves invincible.

Seated upon a lofty throne from which he can view the conflict, Xerxes springs up in an agony of rage as he sees the repulse of his chosen troops. Night comes on, and the Greeks still hold the pass. As the sun rises upon another day, the enraged monarch brings more troops to renew the attack. They, too, are unsuccessful. The position of the Greeks is invulnerable, and their valor is such that no force, nor skill can dislodge them from the pass.

Xerxes is in despair. What a mockery it is, that with such an army he should be de-

layed at the outset of the glorious invasion—and at the hands of this puny band. What is to be done? In an agony of rage and shame he is about to renew the hopeless attack, when one of his soldiers brings him word that there exists a secret path across the mountains, revealed by a deserter from the enemy's ranks, by which his army may pass into Greece. Xerxes is overjoyed. Commanding the traitor to lead the way, he sends a strong body of men to ascend the mountain. It is night-fall when they set out, and marching silently in the darkness they at length reach the summit of the mountain where the Greek allies are stationed. Just as day begins to break in the east the soldiers are startled by the tramp of many feet as the foe march up the steep ascent. In the confusion of the unexpected meeting, their first thought is of safety. Forgetting their great trust they fly in terror, and the Persians pass without hindrance over the summit of the mountain and commence to descend the other side. The scene we are about to witness is one of the grandest examples of human heroism which has ever been displayed.

Deserters from the enemy have brought to Leonidas the news of the betrayal of the secret pass. Upon hearing it the greater part of his troops become clamorous for their own safety. "Let us retire from a position which can no longer be defended," they plead. "Let us reserve our lives for the future safety of Greece!" Their prayers and arguments are unheeded. Leonidas refuses either to retreat or surrender. By the laws of his country he is bound either to conquer or die in battle—the alternative is to live in ignominy and shame.

There is but one choice for a brave man, and he determines to sacrifice his life in defense of the post to which he has been assigned. Dismissing his allies, Leonidas remains alone with his brave handful of Spartans. The troops sent by way of the secret path are slowly making their way down the mountain side a mile away inside the valley, and the great army of Xerxes lies without the

pass. Leonidas determines that his own life and those of his brave comrades shall be dearly sold. Waiting not to be attacked by the troops which are threatening him from the rear, he marches boldly out of the pass and charges Xerxes' army. The Persians fall back daunted by the fierce onslaught. Great numbers are killed, some are driven into the sea, and others are trampled under foot in the confusion. The barbarians are terror-stricken. Even the lash is used to compel them to face the little band of heroes. At last, however, the ranks of the Greeks are broken. Leonidas falls, and the Persians struggle like demons for his body.

Exhausted from their stand against these great numbers, the brave Greeks at last are compelled to retire within the pass. By this time the troops sent by the mountain path have reached the pass, and the Greeks turn from one army but to meet the other. Hemmed in on all sides, they still refuse to yield, and fight to the last—dying like heroes. Who can do them honor enough? Can we wonder that the fame of such heroism has lived through centuries? The Persians gain the pass and swarm into Greece, but not to them belongs the glory that sheds a luster upon the name of Thermopylæ. To Leonidas and his noble band has been given the meed of honor. Such a defeat is greater than victory. Monuments mark the spot where they fell, and the odes of noble bards commemorate their glory.

"Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
Glorious the doom and beautiful the lot;
Their tomb an altar; men from tears refrain
To honor them and praise—but mourn them not.
Such sepulcher nor drear decay
Nor all destroying time shall waste—this right have they,
Within their grave the home-bred glory
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GETTING money is not the whole of a man's business; to cultivate kindness is a great part of the business of life.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THIS God-like organization, so replete with all that goes to make this earth an Eden, and home a heaven, brings the human family into that holy communion and relationship that elevate, ennoble, exalt, refine and purify; that raise the human mind to that infinite condition of perfection which ever lifts the cloud of ignorance so utterly covering the mind, enshrouding and enveloping it in a maze of doubt and uncertainty, and implanting that faith and confidence in God that enable mankind to approach the throne of grace in humility and full assurance of a lasting, eternal reward for the labors and trials of mortality. Here the divine organization in the heavens is typified; the view of the riches of eternity are plainly perceptible, wherein the organization is complete, perfect and in order. In an organization of this nature, where the Spirit of God dwells, the father, is full of gentleness and kindness, of solicitude and care for the welfare of the loved ones given to him, giving counsel and instruction under divine aid, leading a pure and virtuous life, honoring and magnifying his Priesthood received from God, inspiring all with love for and confidence in him as the head of the family. The mother, is ever tender and thoughtful, full of love, ordering everything in the house in that kindly maternal way that makes all love her, honoring her husband, respecting his wishes, ever solicitous for his well-being and good, mildly and in the spirit of divine love instructing her children in those useful arts of the household which so well fit them for the realities of life. The children each vie with the other in little courtesies and attentions so gratefully and pleasantly received by parents. They endeavor to promote the welfare and happiness of all at home, living in peace and harmony, careful to contribute to the entertainments and joys of the home circle, thus binding the evil one and banishing forever the ills of contentious spirits and quarrelsome natures, cannot fail to inspire all who are members of it,

or who are permitted to come under its sacred influence, with that reverence and gratitude due to Him who instituted so grand and holy a relationship and order on earth.

Shall the sacred influence of such a home be broken and destroyed by the entrance therein of jealousy, envy, strife, wrangling, contention, disorder? God forbid! Rather let every one strive to cast a halo of peace all around; attending faithfully to the details that, combined, make a home of glory and peace; causing each heart to respond with an echoing of "peace on earth, good will to men," and a heaven of infinite joy and lasting peace will be the result. Little acts of courtesy at home bespeak the true lady and gentleman.

When father or mother enters a room, the son or daughter present should at once rise and offer a chair, the best place, and with that deference due to earthly parents show that the divine injunction, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," has been thoroughly implanted in their minds, and that its true purport is understood.

At home is the place to begin to form the character of the lady or gentleman, and should ever be the first place for the introduction of new civilities and kindnesses.

Oh! what a very *brute* must be the man who can tamper with the wine cup, inhaling its fumes and swallowing its deadly contents, to the ruination of his own health and manhood, and to the heart-ache and misery of the loved ones of his household!

Husbands! Forswear the social glass! Let the strong ties of home draw you to the fireside where loved ones gladly and anxiously look and long for your coming; where your presence, your wise counsel, cause the hearts of all to rejoice and make you welcome. Pursue such a course that the blush of shame may never mantle their fair cheeks at the mention of your name, but that, with pride, they may call you "husband," "father."

Young men, who aspire to the high and

holy position of "head of a family," beware of the dram shop, the gambling den, the pool table, and kindred places; shun the influences that pervade such places; let not your lips taste the deadly poison dealt out in these resorts; sully not the fair fame of "sons of Zion;" insult not the "fair daughters of Zion" by breathing into their nostrils the foul breath of the inebriate; but avoid every appearance of evil, maintain your manhood intact, and prove worthy the name you bear. Keep your bodies pure, that you may not transmit to posterity the terrible curse of an insatiate thirst for intoxicants. Be chaste in your language; befoul not your mouths with the blasphemer's oath, nor bring yourselves under the displeasure of God by using His name in vain. Speak not lightly of His character or attributes, or of sacred things, and thus avoid the fearful consequences attendant upon an opposite course.

R. S. Horne.

EBAUCHE MAIS VERITABLE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 235.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE marriage of Alice Kane took place, as was anticipated by herself and friends. And two years later another important event occurred in connection with the Kane family. Polly, an elder sister, was left a widow with two children, a son and a daughter, and returned to reside again in her parental home. Still another year passed, and now Ivie was sixteen. She seemed older than that, with her fine, well-developed figure and womanly ways.

"Why do you treat Sam so coolly, Ivie?" asked Polly one day. "I know he likes you."

"But I don't like him," was Ivie's quick reply.

"Why not?" Polly still questioned. "He would make a good husband, Ivie."

"If you think so you are welcome to him, Polly; I don't want him," Ivie answered, this time rather curtly.

"I don't want him, either," said Polly, a little nettled at her sister's last speech. "If you would not have him, do you think I would?"

"I do not want *you* to have him unless you wish to," said Ivie, "and you need not want *me* to, for if I should live to be old and never marry, I should not like Sam well enough to marry him."

Polly did not reply, and Ivie said no more, but she thought, "I know who I do like, though, and who I shall always like better than any one else only mother; but Polly doesn't know and I shall not tell her."

She went on thinking, while she plaited straw for her new hat, what a difference there was between Sam and William—slothful, careless Sam, and William full of energy and bright buoyant spirits.

Sam and William were both neighbors to the Kanes, and both had for some time been showing Ivie graceful little attentions, the nature of which could not be mistaken. Although neither had been sufficiently demonstrative until quite recently to excite the suspicions of lookers-on, Ivie was quick-witted and sensitive enough to understand the feelings of both the young gentlemen towards her by the unobtrusive hints she had received from each.

At the time of the conversation given above William had left the village for a few weeks, and Sam was taking advantage of the absence of his rival by showing himself more devoted to Ivie than ever and seeking more openly to win her favor. Ivie understood the position taken by her would-be lover, and instead of regarding him more kindly for it, as he hoped she might, to her young, proud nature it seemed almost like treason; and she grew to dislike Sam rather than to think more of him for the extra trouble he took to please her.

William and Ivie were not really engaged by any spoken promise, but when near each other they both knew by the subtle, indescribable influence which exists within the mystic charm of young and ardent love that their

heart throbs responded to each other, that their souls were united. And when separated for a few days together the one prevailing thought of either mind was of the other, with the constant, dreamy wish that they might soon meet again.

But before William's return something more serious than Sam's simple wooing came along and took possession of more than one heart in the Kane family. A brother of Mrs. Kane sent her a book, with the message that their sister, Mrs. Ruth Vere, her family and many others of their relatives had read it and found it to contain true messages from God, which had caused them to take steps in advance of anything Methodism could lead them to; they had all received the doctrines of "Mormonism," or had joined the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

The brother by whom this message and book were sent was investigating the matter and sent also a promise to let Mrs. K. know the result after the book had been finished. Ivie was much interested. "Mother," she exclaimed, "if uncle joins that new system I shall know it is true."

Her uncle was indeed such a holy and pure man she felt he could not be deceived in this important matter. The next news of him assured the Kanes that he had received the new religion and been baptized. But Ivie was already beginning to know for herself that "Mormonism" was true by a more convincing testimony than that her favorite uncles and aunts had accepted it, or that even her beloved and honored parents viewed it in a very favorable light. In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Kane were baptized, and three of their daughters, Fanny, Ivie and Abbie, soon followed their example.

"Aren't you going to be baptized into the 'Mormon' Church, Polly?" Ivie asked one morning of her widowed sister.

"No, Ivie," was Polly's answer. "I know it is true as well as you do, but it is so unpopular! I could not endure being scoffed at and looked down upon by every one; and I think I can be saved just as well if I remain

a Methodist as I could to become a "Mormon."

Ivie said no more to her sister at that time, but she soliloquized thus, "Poor, dear sister, how sorry I am that she does not sense more deeply the importance of securing to herself a higher and more exceeding weight of glory by sacrifice! I do believe she will accept Sam when he proposes to her, as I am sure he means to do before long. If she can content herself with what she knows to be an inferior religion, she will, doubtless, be content with an inferior husband also, but I could not."

Since Ivie's unmistakable coolness towards Sam he had commenced to bestow his attentions upon the young widow, who seemed rather to favor than to repulse him. So the girl's suspicions were not groundless.

Another train of thought followed very quickly in Ivie's mind after that into which Sam had been admitted; and this time William was the absorbing subject.

"What will *he* do in regard to the new light which has burst upon some of us?" she asked herself. "He is too bright, too intelligent not to comprehend it—but—his worldly ambition—will that hinder him as Polly's pride does her? If it should be so, what of me? Have I sufficient strength to—to—" She could not face the thought that here suggested itself, could not remain so calmly stitching the braid for a straw hat, she must do something which required more action; the hum of the spinning wheel, she thought, might in a measure relieve the great, dark dread which had entered her soul.

She arose quickly and put aside her sewing for the day. "Mother, I'll finish spinning the warp for those blankets this week, shall I not?" she asked, as Mrs. Kane entered the room.

"There is no hurry about it, as the table cloths will not be out of the loom for several days yet; still, if you wish to spin, it will be well enough to have the warp done," answered her mother. So Ivie placed the wheel by the window, from which she could see far

up the road which led to her sister Emily's, and set briskly to work.

Emily was the eldest of the sisters, and her husband was William's brother. The early home of the brothers was in an adjoining county, but William had been a considerable portion of the time with his elder brother since the marriage of the latter.

CHAPTER V.

"He will come today, I feel sure of it," Ivie said to herself many times during the hours in which she rapidly drew out and wound up threads, keeping the wheel in a continuous whirl and hum, and feeling, as she thought she might, a degree of satisfaction in it. At sunset she put away her work and said she was going for a walk. It is hardly necessary to say her walk was over the same road she had been so intently watching all day. When she reached her sister's gate she could tell that William had not yet arrived, for the stable door was open and his horse was not in it.

She sat down upon the door step and began to play with her little namesake, who came gleefully forward to meet her. She had rested there but a few moments, when her long watch was rewarded, William rode into the yard and dismounted.

Ivie thought of the premonition she had felt all day and fondly hoped that the fulfillment of the same augured a bright termination for the other matter which had so disturbed her mind—that William would accept the truth.

"I *knew* you would come today," were her first words of greeting.

"Did you?" and he pressed the hand she extended warmly in both his own. "But you see I did *not* get here *today*, not till this evening."

Ivie's hopes sank, and the sickening dread she had felt in the morning again took possession of her. Why had he not come while the sun was shining, instead of delaying till the shades of evening were deepening? Could

this mean that he would "choose darkness rather than light?"

"I'm glad you are here, Ivie," he remarked in an undertone, "I did not like the idea of waiting till tomorrow before seeing you. When I've had supper I'll walk home with you."

"Mustn't be too familiar with Ivie after this, William," called out the elder brother. "She's climbed a step higher than some of us, she thinks; she's joined the Mormons."

"Do not trifle in that manner, brother," said William. "Joke if you like to, but do not use Ivie's name in any such loose way as that!"

Ivie felt hurt that her brother-in-law should introduce a subject to her so sacred in so light a manner, but she only said, "Never mind, William, have your supper, and I'll tell you about it as you walk home with me."

Discussions and explanations followed, and when later in the evening William left Ivie at her father's gate, it was with these words: "I have heard all and know all that I ever want to hear and know about the Mormons. In the morning I will come over, and your decision then will settle my plans for the future."

Ivie simply answered "Good-night," and very soon afterwards retired to her bed. But sleep had departed from her and refused to be won back during the entire night. All the rosy dreams of the past seemed veiled in darkness, while the future spread out before her a dreary, trackless waste, into which it looked as though no sunlight could ever penetrate.

She tried repeatedly to pray for her lover, but it seemed as though her very breath was stifled whenever she thought to whisper his name in prayer. For herself she besought the Lord to give her wisdom that she might know of a surety what was her duty, and to make her strong to endure whatever trials might lie in her pathway.

What had she been thinking of Polly? That she was too weak to make sacrifices, when by so doing she could secure to herself an eternal and more exceeding weight of

glory. When the struggle came would she, too, falter?

CHAPTER VI.

As soon as morning dawned Ivie arose and began her day's work at the spinning wheel. Occupying the same position by the window which she had chosen the day before, she could see whoever might pass or enter the gate.

It was still early when William came in sight, and with a strange feeling of mingled sorrow and pleasure Ivie left the wheel and went out to meet him. His appearance showed plainly that he, too, had passed a sleepless night.

It required but little time and few words to convince Ivie that there was no present chance of William being converted to the truth. She knew his unbending will, and was acquainted with the fact that when his mind was really set nothing of an earthly nature could turn him. And the heavenly light which she had tried to trust would beam upon his understanding, he had steeled his heart against. There was no hope. As they stood facing each other, yet neither venturing to meet the other's eye, she was by far the "better soldier" of the two. He was restive, agitated and unnerved; she calm, brave and resolute. He felt that for the first time since the beginning of their acquaintance she held the mastery, at least so far that he could not move her.

Why was it that he could not see, would not comprehend that she had come into possession of a new and strong power which he had never met before, and which he must also become acquainted with if he would still hold the key to her guileless, truth-loving heart? It was his stubborn will which refused to yield. After a moment's silence he reached out his arms towards her with a sudden impulse, as though he would have taken her to his heart. never more to allow her to escape therefrom. Then dropping his hands as quickly as he had raised them, he turned half away from her in a petulant manner and exclaimed,

"It is no use multiplying words, Ivie, if we

must part, it may as well be over. I would not embrace Mormonism for all the women in the world!"

To this Ivie's unfaltering, heroic reply was instantly given, "And I could not renounce it, William, for the world itself!"

"All right, then, I'm off again this afternoon?" was his only good-bye as he sped away down the path.

And "Well!" was the only sound Ivie's lips would utter as she watched his almost flying figure and listened to his fleeing footsteps. He soon disappeared around a corner and Ivie never saw him again.

She turned and entered the house with a perfectly steady step, but her face was almost as white as the snowy muslin which encircled her neck. All hands were busy with the morning's work, and if any one noticed her strange pallor no one mentioned it. Without a word she resumed her spinning and worked steadily on as if nothing unusual had taken place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW AN ORATOR BROKE DOWN.

NO MAN, no matter how great, is equally great in all things. Lord Erskine, as a jury lawyer, was one of the greatest if not *the* greatest, who ever addressed an English jury. Yet he failed as a debater in the House of Commons. When Erskine entered Parliament, Pitt was Prime Minister. The great advocate was in the zenith of his fame, and the ministry dreaded the influence of his eloquence.

One night Erskine was to speak. "I will answer the great orator," said Pitt, and he took a seat at the table prepared to take notes. Erskine addressed the house as if he were speaking to a jury. He was declamatory and eloquent, but the facts and arguments which are the spinal column of a successful legislative speech were wanting. Pitt listened attentively for a few minutes, then throwing his pen down

with an expression of contempt, left the table. Erskine saw the act. It so confused him that he broke down. His vanity was so wounded as to kill his oratory.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Retrospection.

IT IS well, now that the sixtieth anniversary of the Church of Christ has just passed, to pause and consider some of the details of the work which has been done for mankind through its agency during the past sixty years.

At the time this Church was organized there were numerous sects in existence, each of which called itself the Church of Christ. They professed to worship the God of the Bible, who revealed Himself to Adam, to Enoch, to Abraham, to Moses and to all the prophets; but the most vague and contradictory ideas prevailed concerning this Being. Though the scriptures plainly state that Jesus was in the express image of His Father, yet the religious world did not believe that the Father was a personage of tabernacle. To use a phrase that was very common, they believed that "God's center was nowhere, and His circumference everywhere." One important sect in describing God, said He was "without body, parts or passions." In praying, therefore, to Him, no clear conception existed in the minds of those who offered prayer as to the nature of the Being whom they worshiped.

The first authentic revelation received in our age which made plain the truth of the scriptures concerning the nature and attributes of God, was received by Joseph Smith, Jr., when he was but a youth. God the Eternal Father, accompanied by His Son Jesus Christ, revealed Himself to Joseph Smith, Jr.—the Father introduced Jesus as His beloved Son, with the command to Joseph to hear Him. It was of the utmost importance that the false conceptions and errors which had prevailed concerning the Deity should be removed, that

mankind should know definitely concerning the Being who created them and whom they worshiped.

The darkness which had enshrouded the minds of the children of men for long centuries was by this glorious appearance dissipated. Another witness was raised up to testify that the Father and the Son were personages of tabernacle, and to confirm the truth of the testimony of the Apostle Paul concerning the perfect resemblance that existed between the Father and the Son. The Prophet Moses in his record had made plain the fact that God had a body and parts and passions, for He walked in the garden of Eden, He spoke to Adam and Eve, He manifested His displeasure and He made them coats of skin and clothed them. Yet, notwithstanding the Bible teaches this with great plainness, men had ceased to believe this description as literal and had conjured up in their own minds a being who was not the true and living God.

But through this revelation of God to him, the Prophet Joseph became the means of restoring once more to the earth the true knowledge of our Great Creator. The full value of this communication cannot be estimated; it is beyond price. At its organization, sixty years ago, the Church of Christ had in its possession this precious knowledge. The members could pray with their understanding to the Eternal Father and they had a solid foundation for their faith.

Preceding and accompanying the organization of the Church was the bestowal by the Lord of the authority to administer the ordinances of life and salvation, and to seal upon penitent believers the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Once more there was to be found a Church organized after the pattern of that Church which the Savior founded—a Church containing Prophets and Apostles and other inspired teachers, a Church whose members had received the Holy Ghost and its precious gifts, lacking no gift nor any feature of power possessed by the Church of Christ in former ages.

This was a new thing in the earth. Nearly

all the churches extant had teachers who did not profess to teach by the inspiration of God, but depended upon their own learning. They preached their various systems for hire. If they went to other lands as missionaries, they received a stated salary for their services. But the servants of God in the Church which He had just organized carried the glad tidings of salvation to the peoples of the earth without money and without price. They went forth carrying the truth without purse and without scrip, putting their trust in God to feed and clothe them and to raise them up friends in time of need. Pure faith, which once existed among men, in this way was restored to the earth. Men learned to know God and to put their trust in Him.

This furnished the foundation of the grand results which have been wrought out during the past sixty years. It has literally been a marvelous work and a wonder that has been accomplished, for the ideas that have been carried out under the inspiration of the Almighty in the building up of His Church have been in direct conflict with the teachings of the systems of men. The truth in its purity and simplicity has been taught. Doubts and uncertainty vanished, and though the teachings of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have been opposed with great bitterness, they are the only teachings today that give true satisfaction to the inquiring mind.

It is a delightful subject of contemplation and reflection upon the results that have been accomplished during the past sixty years by the Church which the Lord has established. Besides the changes which I have described, there has been much knowledge and revelation which has thrown light upon disputed and mysterious questions connected with man and his past, his present and his future existence. Through the withdrawal of the spirit of revelation from the earth, entire ignorance prevailed concerning the purposes of God in placing man upon the earth. This appeared to be a complete mystery to the world. Man knew that he was here, but whence he came,

and the great object to be accomplished by placing him here, he could not clearly understand, and far less could he conceive of the character of his future existence and the manner in which eternity would be spent by him; but by the revelation of the gospel in our day, these mysterious things have been cleared up. A flood of light has been thrown upon man's origin and the purposes God had in view in placing him on the earth, and the character of the existence that lies before him.

The Editor.

STANLEY'S CAREER.

THE Rev. T. D. Phillips, of the Broadway Baptist Church, Baltimore, writes as follows to the *Sun*: "Although all of your readers are familiar with the adventures of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, yet few, I presume, are acquainted with his childhood career. While a student at Haverfordwest Baptist College, South Wales, I traveled one autumn through Flintshire, Denbighshire, Merionetshire and the Liverpool district to collect funds toward the support of my alma mater. Among other villages and towns I visited Stanley's birthplace. I well remember the cottage where he was born. For reasons satisfactory to himself John Rowland, alias H. M. Stanley, does not refer to the home of his nativity. He simply speaks of himself as an 'American citizen.' Some years ago, when there was a debate in the various journals in reference to his nationality, he published a letter in the London *Times* that he was an 'American citizen.'

"I have evidence that Stanley is a thorough Welshman. His mother's maiden name was Betsy Parry. She was born in one of the ruins of Denbigh Castle, North Wales. His father's name was John Rowland, of Llys, who was born near the same antiquated locality. The father, who was a carpenter, died when his son was young, his mother being left in destitute circumstances. She married again, her second husband being Robert Jones, a

Welshman, who was a slater and a plasterer. Before her death, in the spring of 1886, Stanley's mother kept 'Cross Foxes,' a tavern in the parish of Glasgoed, near Bodelwyddan Castle, in the Vale of Clwyd, the most picturesque spot in Wales. My friend, Mr. John W. Jones, the late editor of the *Drych*, a Welsh weekly journal published in Utica, N. Y., visited her two years prior to her death, and to him she related several new facts in reference to her son. Mr. Jones was accompanied by Mr. Evan Jones, of 'Sywl Fan,' a schoolmate of Stanley. She said that Henry M. Stanley (John Rowland) was born in a little cottage within a portion of the old shell of Denbigh Castle in 1841. He lived in his cottage home for three years, and then the family removed to St. Asaph, where they lived ten years, and where Stanley received a good education. She stated that her son was a lad of unusual talent, noted for his indomitable courage, and that he could whip a lad twice his size. He was sent to St. Bueno's Well, Tremeirchion, where he stayed with an aunt, his mother's sister. His stay here, however, was brief, as he quarreled with his cousin. The eldest son at St. Bueno's Well, another cousin, kept school at Mold, Flintshire, a town where it was my privilege to preach and collect in behalf of my college. Stanley, who was at that early age a good scholar, was employed as sub-teacher in his cousin's school. Here, too, his stay was short. The two cousins could not agree. Matters came to a crisis when Stanley's cousin requested him to clean his shoes. This was too much humiliation, and Stanley returned to his aunt at St. Bueno's Well, where he resided a short time.

"His next removal was to Liverpool, where he lived with another aunt, and found employment as clerk in a butcher's store. Wearied with this monotonous life, he asked a captain at the sailors' home for employment and was engaged as cabin boy. Stanley did not tell his aunt of his intentions to go to sea and when he left he put his old suit of clothes over his best one. His vessel was bound for

New Orleans. Stanley was accepted for the voyage to and from New Orleans, but not being satisfied with his treatment on board he escaped from the vessel as soon as she reached port. In New Orleans he was attracted by the familiar sign in the window, 'A boy wanted.' He went inside the store, where he met a kindly-looking gentleman, whom he asked for employment. He was tried at writing on sacks, and having done that satisfactorily, he was engaged. The boy's employer's name was Henry Mortlake Stanley. Mr. Stanley died, and out of gratitude and love to his benefactor young Rowland, as he was still known, adopted his name, and henceforth called himself Henry Mortlake Stanley.

"While in New Orleans young Stanley wrote a letter to his sister stating that John Rowland, the Welshman from Denbigh, was dead, and that he considered it his duty to inform the family of the death. The story was believed, and John Rowland in the course of time was forgotten. Young Stanley joined the confederate army and while serving in the field was taken prisoner. He escaped, worked his way to one of the Atlantic ports and thence to Liverpool. He returned to his mother who told Mr. Jones, her visitor, that her son then 'looked like a tramp.' While at home he received a letter addressed to him as 'Henry M. Stanley.' It was then that the fact was revealed to his family that he was the Henry M. Stanley who had written to his sister that John Rowland was dead. He explained how and why he had changed his name. After a short time he returned to America, where he joined the navy and served in it until the war ended. While in the navy he secured the position of correspondent of the *New York Herald*. After leaving the navy, he again visited his mother. While at home he had his portrait taken in his naval uniform. That portrait may still be seen at his old Welsh home. He also spent a few days with his cousin at St. Bueno's Well. The latter had married a young lady to whom Stanley was much attached.

"The next time he saw his mother was when he returned from Abyssinia with the British army, which he had accompanied as the correspondent of the *New York Herald*. She met him in London. He entertained her in regal style. On another occasion, after he had found Livingstone in Africa, his mother and sister met him in Paris, where they were bewildered by the splendor of the courtesies shown them. On another occasion his stepfather, Robert Jones, and his mother visited him in London at Langham's Hotel.

"At Stanley's native home there are several mementoes which the great explorer gave his mother as keepsakes, among them two white African hats which he had worn; a round black cap covered with long fur, which was given him by an African chief; a stick about a yard long, black, hard and so heavy that half the material seemed to be of iron. The African who presented it said the tree from which the wood had been cut was called the 'tree of life.' Stanley's mother also received a hamper made of rushes, about twelve inches wide four to five feet long, and three feet deep, with a neat cover of the same material. It was a curious piece of workmanship, and so compact that it was water tight. Stanley said it was made of the same material as the one in which little Moses was found on the banks of the Nile. He gave his mother also a gold watch, her name being engraved inside, with the date, August 18, 1874. He gave his stepfather a knife which he had carried through all his travels in Abyssinia. There are also in the old homestead thirteen different photographs of Stanley taken in various places—Alexandria, Zanzibar, Constantinople, Paris, London, etc. On the back of the photograph sent from Constantinople are the following words, written in rather a heavy hand: 'Affectionately, H. M. Stanley, 1870.'

"Stanley's mother died at Bodelwyddan, Denbighshire. The inscription on her coffin stated that the deceased was the 'mother of H. M. Stanley, the African explorer,' and at her request the same inscription was engraved on her tombstone."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1890.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Experience of Missionaries.



HERE is no training that young men can receive that is so excellent in its effects as the training which the missionary field furnishes. A young man who goes out on a mission, when called upon by the servants of God, and goes without purse and scrip, bearing the message of salvation to the inhabitants of the earth, is in a position to receive experience that will be of the most valuable character to him in his future life. Two or three years spent on such a mission is worth far more in the development of character than the same length of time spent in a college. If it be a benefit to a man to know himself, then he has this opportunity while acting as a missionary to an extent that he does not have under any other circumstances. He is thrown upon his own resources, with no one to rely upon but the Lord. He is compelled to think and to exercise his powers in such a manner as to bring about great self-reliance; and yet it is not so much reliance upon self as it is upon the Lord. When a man learns that the Lord will hear and answer his prayer, and he is called to perform any important labor, he feels confident that he can accomplish it, because he knows that the Lord is able to sustain him and to furnish him with everything necessary for the purpose in view.

When a young man is called upon a mission, he goes forth with fear and trembling to accomplish it. He is compelled from the very necessities of his position to seek for help from a higher source than himself. When he thus seeks for aid in the right spirit, he obtains an answer to his prayer. This begets faith,

and he keeps on adding faith to faith, until before he has been away from home two or three years he is able to accomplish with ease labors and undertakings that, when he left home, would have seemed utterly beyond his power. He learns to trust the Lord, and to have confidence that He will bring him through.

In this manner a body of men is prepared for the labors that devolve upon the Church beyond any preparation that schools or the ordinary circumstances of life can possibly afford. If these young men continue faithful after taking such a mission, they become very valuable aids in home life. The more of them there are in a ward the stronger is the ward, and the better sustained is the Bishop and his counselors and the Presidency of the Stake. Instead, therefore, of it being a disadvantage to have young men sent off on missions, it really becomes a positive advantage—an advantage to families, an advantage to the ward and to the stake, and to the public generally.

If two young men be sent out on missions, and one of them has means furnished him from home to help him, and the other be compelled to depend upon the Lord and his own exertions, it will be found, upon a comparison between their careers, that the young man who has gone forth without means has been more developed and become a stronger man than the one who had means furnished him from home. Of course, there are circumstances where it is more necessary now than it was in former times that Elders should be furnished with means. In some places the poverty of the people is so great that the Elders, moved with sympathy, have drawn means from home for the purpose of assisting them; yet they have traveled the most of the time themselves without purse and scrip. There have been very few instances in the Church where young men have depended while on missions upon means sent to them from home. In the most of cases they have shared with the Saints among whom they labored the privations and poverty to which they were subjected. They have done so uncomplainingly.

ingly, and are able to testify that the Lord has supplied their wants in a wonderful manner.

While it may be considered by some a painful thing for young men to go off to the nations as our Elders do, without purse or scrip, yet it really is one of the best schools for developing true manhood that there is in existence, and every Elder who has had this experience can testify to that effect. It is by faith that great works are accomplished. When Elders are compelled to exercise faith in order to subsist and to perform the labors that devolve upon them, it has the effect to make them mighty in word and in deed.

We trust that all our boys who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will seek to prepare themselves for the work of the ministry, and be perfectly willing to go forth without purse and scrip, whenever needed, to carry the gospel—the glad tidings of salvation—to the inhabitants of the earth.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

THE French Huguenots, under their leader, Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, fitted out an expedition to found an empire in New France, as the Floridas were called in early times.

On the 18th of February, 1562, two ships, commanded by Captain Jean Ribaut and Rene Laudonniere, distinguished French officers of marine, set sail from Dieppe. After a tempestuous voyage they reached the coast of Florida, which had been discovered before by Verrazano in 1523.

They entered the St. John, which they called the River of May, from having discovered it on the first of that month. As usual with the explorers of that day, they set up a column at the mouth of the river, engraved with the arms of France, in token that they took formal possession of the country in the name of the French sovereign. They built Fort Charles at Port Royal, and then returned to France.

On the 22d of April, 1564, Laudonniere returned to Florida, with three vessels containing emigrants, provisions, and arms for the little colony, and built Fort Caroline, near the mouth of the St. John. The following year Ribaut also returned to Florida, with a large fleet, to relieve Laudonniere of his command. It is the story of that last disastrous voyage I wish to tell you.

Captain Ribaut, in the obsolete French of that day, tells of the voyage and the high hopes of the emigrants who were going out. They believed that everything which could delight the soul of man was to be found in that favored clime. The country was neither frozen in winter nor parched by summer suns. It was rich in gold mines, fertile plains, and lofty mountains, and the trees distilled precious gums.

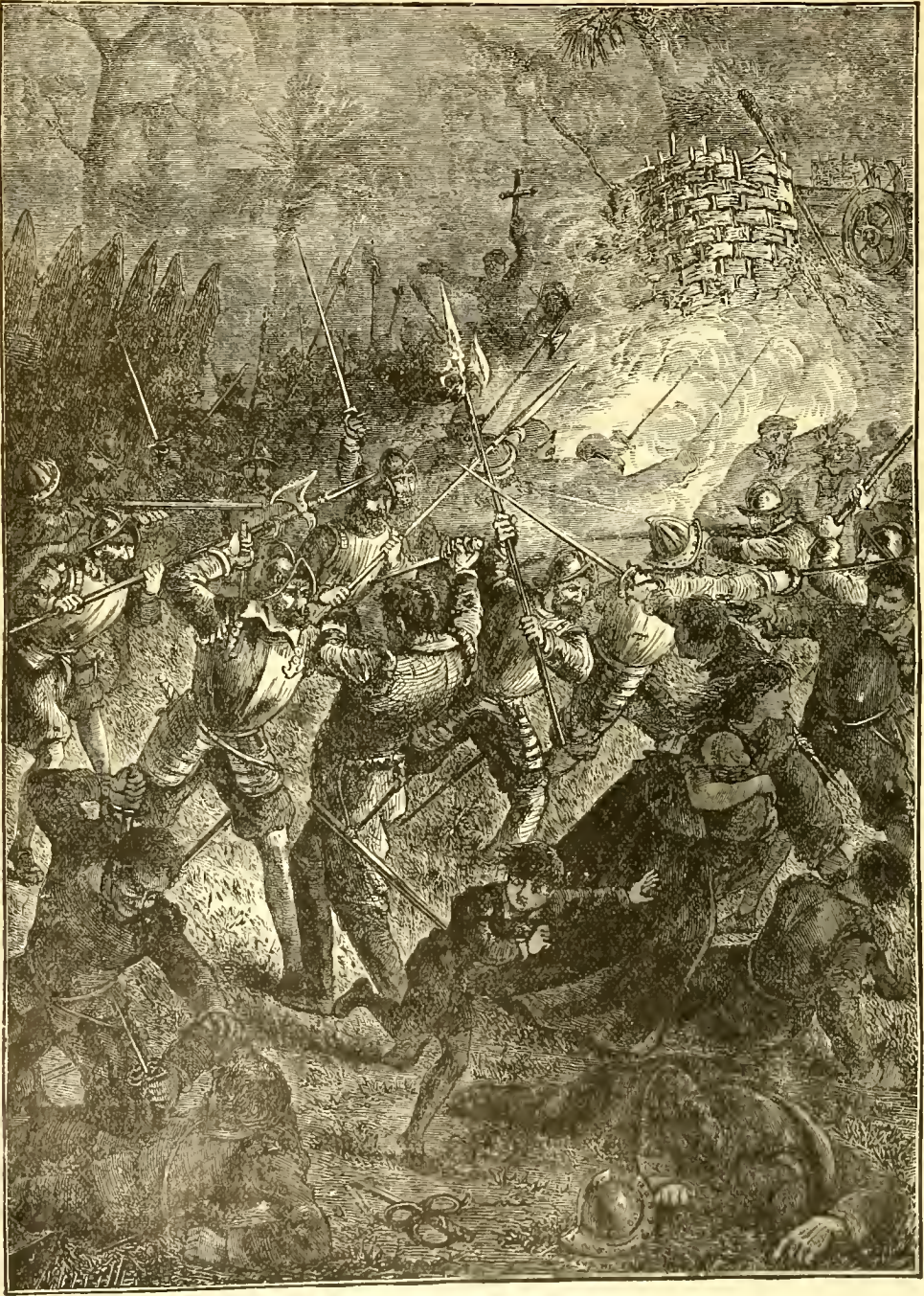
"In fact," says the worthy captain, "every man was sure that what he most desired was to be found in that new country. I had not seen these great things when I was there; but I said nothing, for I knew too little myself of the country."

On the 14th of August, 1565, the vessels arrived off the coast of Florida, and meeting some Indians there, asked them where the new colony, Fort Caroline, was situated. They told him they had heard there were white men fifty miles toward the north. The vessels sailed until they reached the St. John, and taking two of the smallest ships, Captain Ribaut followed the stream until they reached Fort Caroline.

Laudonniere met them at the bank.

"At last, God be praised!" he cried. "We thought you had abandoned us, and we are starving,—yes, actually starving. The Indians will not bring us food, and we were too few to venture in those hostile woods to seek it. I will return to France immediately. I can bear a great deal, but the limit has been reached."

"But," asked Captain Ribaut, "we found the Indians friendly and obliging when we first came. Why do they now refuse to bring provisions?"



THE MASSACRE.

“Ah, well, you see, our men have made enemies; you see, they were hard to control. They made forays, brought prisoners to the fort, and, to speak frankly, acted like fools, and worse. If you had not come when you did, you would not have found us here, and

our scalps would have decorated the wigwams."

Captain Ribaut shook his head. He knew well the danger of awakening the hostility of the savages.

"It is bad," he said, "for we shall have two enemies. Philip of Spain is sending out a fleet under Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles, to drive us from Florida if he can. We are ordered to resist him to the death."

Menendez reached the coast of Florida, his fleet badly storm-beaten. Ribaut demanded his business. He was told that war was declared between Spain and France, and that they were there as enemies.

The French considered it more prudent to retreat a short distance, until their preparations could be made, and the Spaniards only pursued them to the mouth of the river they called Dauphin. Jean Ribaut, returning to Fort Caroline, took on board nearly all the able-bodied men, much against the will of Laudonniere, who was left with invalids, women, and a small number of troops. Ribaut intended attacking the Spaniards, and in one decisive engagement to drive them from Florida.

But Menendez, who had gained a foothold and commenced building Fort Marion, had his spies among the Indians, and knew that Captain Ribaut had taken all the available forces from Fort Caroline. Now was the time to surprise the fort. To get possession of it with the Indians as allies, would be to control the country. Taking Indian guides, with a strong force he made his way through marsh and morass, and in the midst of a terrible storm swooped down on the fort, and took it after a short resistance.

Said one of the survivors, in a narrative written in 1568: "I escaped, God knows how, and ran to the thick woods. I stopped at some little distance, and hiding behind the trees, looked down at the inner court of the fort, where the massacre was going on. It was so horrible that I covered my eyes with my hands, and ran on headlong, knowing not and caring not where I was going, if I could

only get away from the spot. The thorns tore my flesh, the great vines hanging from tree to tree tripped me up, but I felt nothing. Suddenly in front of me I heard groans and cries, and came upon some of our men who had also escaped. We knelt down and prayed God to help us. But Monsieur Lebeau said,—

"My friends, we can go no farther in this wilderness. We do not know what course to take, and the forest is full of wild beasts and hostile savages, who would kill us with horrible tortures. Let us return to the fort, and give ourselves up to the Spaniards. They may spare us, but death is certain here."

"Then I cried out, and asked if it was not better to trust God than those butchers, whose hands were even then red with the blood of our friends.

"But some said no, it would be better to return; and six decided to do so. We all returned with them to the edge of the woods, watched them enter the fort; and before they had time to cry for mercy, they were barbarously murdered, and their dead bodies dragged to the bank of the river, and piled up in a mound with the rest of our slaughtered friends.

Some of the bodies were suspended from trees.

"We heard afterwards that Captain Jean Ribaut in his vessel 'The Pearl,' had anchored in front of the Fort while the butchery was going on, and some of our men escaped and swam to it. Don Pedro Menendez called to Captain Ribaut to surrender. He refused; and the Spaniards tore the eyes out of the dead Frenchmen and cast them, with dreadful curses, toward the vessel.

"As for us poor wretches, in that trackless forest, we traveled through dreadful places, hearing the bellow of the crocodiles, and the hiss of immense snakes as our steps disturbed them. We chewed the bark of trees, and found some fruit to satisfy our hunger. We did not know that it was poisonous, for it had a strange, sweetish taste, and was yellow and oblong (probably the pawpaw,) but we would have eaten it all the same. We were making for the sea-coast as well as we could shape our

course. We came across rivers which we crossed, sometimes by swimming, sometimes by the aid of fallen trees. At last, when exhausted and ready to lie down and die, we came to a vast sea-marsh; and one of our men, climbing a tree, saw, a short distance off, not only the sea, but the vessel of Captain Maillard, which he signaled, and they sent boats after us.

"More dead than alive, we were taken on board, and there we found the *Sieur Laudonniere*, who had also escaped. Shortly afterward '*The Pearl*' sailed up to us, and Captain Jean Ribaut told how his vessels had been dispersed and wrecked by the hurricane, during which the fort had been taken; but he said he would never leave the coast while there was a chance of any of our men escaping,—that it was his duty to stay and give them aid. But Captain Maillard sailed for France, taking us with him."

It only remains to tell of the fate of the heroic Huguenot, Captain Ribaut, who would not desert his post of duty.

He was again tempest-tossed, and his remaining vessels driven ashore. The French wandered about, half-starving, and knowing well that the Indians, whom the soldiers at the fort had angered, would take the first chance to revenge themselves.

A body of Spaniards came upon them. They were too weak to resist, and gave up their arms, upon a solemn promise from Vallemande, the commanding officer, that they should be treated as prisoners of war.

Ribaut, honorable and truthful himself, believed the treacherous Spaniard. They were marched on; and had he not been in front, he would have seen that his thirty men had their hands tied behind their backs.

As they entered the fort, the massacre began.

Captain Ribaut himself was first to fall.

One by one they entered the fatal gate, their hands tied behind them. One by one grew the pile of dead bodies.

With what emotions must each have first made the awful discovery of his fate!

All were stricken down, one by one; nine hundred Huguenots were murdered on the banks of the St. John.

It was on St. Matthew's Day the fort was taken—a second St. Bartholomew. There have been few such scenes in American history, and the tragedy has been but little noted. The lovely Floridian river retains no token of this massacre. While we remember the treachery and bloodshed of that fatal day, we do not forget the heroic self-sacrifice of brave Jean Ribaut, who literally gave up his life upon the bare chance of saving some fugitive from the cruel Spaniards.

H. Butterworth.

UP FROM TRIBULATION.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 242.)

PART VII.

IT IS customary in the modern novel to portray love as the sole aim and end of a human being's existence. This is false and pernicious. Love, like ambition, is one of the strongest passions of the heart; both are susceptible of cultivation into the highest and noblest attributes, while either may be dragged in the mire of self-indulgence, becoming thereby the eternal damnation of any one who allows the passion the guiding reins. All passions of the heart are the germs of the divinity within us. Then how kindly does our Father lead us up through tribulation to understand and appreciate the power for pure happiness within us.

The fall of 1859 was a somewhat sad time for Willard Gibbs, as he felt all the intense longing for his wife and unknown babe that he had ever felt, and beside, a desire to see and talk with Rhoda Mainwaring that sometimes overcame even his strong determinations; and what was hardest to his proud, sensitive and as yet ignorant spirit, he felt all the worldly shame at the two loves which in spite of himself filled his soul. He told himself over and over that he would not even try to understand the principle of plurality of

wives until he could approach the holy altar unspotted by selfish motives.

Another common error of novels is the stress laid upon a circumstance in which the hero or heroine is made to suddenly alter the character or habits of a life time in order to produce a dramatic effect. The observations of many years have convinced me that rare indeed are the occurrences that instantaneously work changes in any man's life or disposition. It is the little, daily happenings that, like the oft-quoted drops of water, swell the mighty torrent sweeping on to the eternal shore of destiny. To be sure there are rare earthquakes, but they only come to the occasional spots of earth, and seldom then.

So with my dear friend Will. He lived through the fall of '59, as I have said, in a miserable fashion. When he grew starved for news of his absent wife, a season of earnest prayer would leave him comforted and at peace. He noticed, too, that after one of these struggles with the Lord in mighty prayer he would soon get a letter from his faithful friend Oscar. He allowed himself no quarter so far as Rhoda was concerned, for not only was his feeling wrong for her, as he looked at the matter, but it was a matter for scorn to the little maiden herself as told by Aunt Sarah, and he was not sufficiently acquainted with womankind to understand either Rhoda or Aunt Sarah, only as he might learn by bitter and sad experience. Added to all this, he remembered his vow on his first entrance into the Mainwaring family, and felt sorely ashamed to know how nearly he had broken his pledge. However, like the weak mortal that he was, he sometimes gave way to the desire burning within him to see the saucy face of Rhoda, and at such times he would invent or seek some excuse and, riding up to the city, spend an hour or so in the old home, carefully avoiding any special attention to Rhoda.

These visits grew rarer, and he felt as the fall wore into winter that he was gaining the coveted control over his heart. He took great interest in the letters he received from

his friend in the east, not only on account of the occasional word from his wife, but he was deeply interested in the rumors of war which grew thicker and thicker. In one of his letters to Oscar he ventured to ask him if he thought his wife would accept a letter from himself. The answer was in Oscar's own generous spirit:

"Try, my dear boy, and then you will know for yourself. I broached your name to Hortense the last time I was in the old home, but she grew so angry and spoke so sharply to me for my desire to meddle in that which was none of my business, that I hastily retreated from the subject. She is well and seems to be in her usual good spirits. The boy is the one passion and ambition of her existence. He is a noble little fellow and worthy of her devotion. At this same visit I one day had the boy on my knee and began telling him something about his absent father, but I had scarcely spoken two words when Hortense came up behind me, and snatching the child out of my arms commanded me to desist. She said she wished him never to hear his unworthy father's name. I asked her if she thought he would not grow up and despise her for her selfish conduct? She replied that she would rather have him die than see his father's face. This made me angry, and I retorted that the time might come when she would be too glad herself to see the face of her deserted husband; upon which, with a tone and manner so icy and intense that, old sceptic as I am, it made the cold chills run down my back, she answered that she should have to be dragged through the very jaws of death before she would consent to behold the face of the man who had wrecked her life. I tell you all this not to hurt your sensitive heart, for I can easily imagine how keenly it hurts, but that you may know for yourself how things are here. Still, if you care to try, write yourself; women often say things they don't half mean. But under any circumstances, rely on me as your true friend. I saw enough that terrible night in your deserted home, when I came to shoot daylight through you, to know that you are misunderstood, and I will not be one to throw away a friend because of a mistake in judgment.

"Instead of trying to keep you posted on all the important events that are now taking place in the South, I have begun to forward you my copy of *H—'s Weekly* so you can see for yourself how things go. Politics are at fever heat, you may be sure, and I dread with a horrible foreboding the events of the next year. You know how intensely Southern all our people are in their feelings, while I, either from constant association or from my Republican principles, am as intensely interested in the North. Between you and me, I think there is good and bad on both sides. Anyway I look forward with a great deal of dread."

The newspapers came pretty regularly after this letter, and Willard read every word, even

to the advertisements. The news of his wife's continued coldness was a sore trial, and he sometimes felt so discouraged that he could scarcely find hope enough to pray for her future acceptance of the gospel.

When Will answered this letter of Oscar's he told him of the prophecy made by the Prophet in the year 1832, and quoted at length the 87th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants, in which the following occurs: "Verily thus saith the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls." He also told his friend that he had decided to leave his wife in the hands of God for the present at least. He asked him, however, to keep him informed as to the health and well-being of the two he held so dear, adding,

"I am glad that I am not in the east, for my very soul revolts at the thought of brother rising against brother, and if I were there I should be on the opposite side to yourself, and the misery of a chance meeting on the field of death, it is horrible to think of. This is not from any feeling of cowardice, I know you will understand that, but a feeling of human dread to shed the blood of any man. I enclose in this letter some of my hair, that you may see what an old man I am getting. I find gray hairs are quite common in my black locks."

The winter grew in severity, and the many hours of leisure left Willard at liberty to make a serious study of that much thought-of principle, plurality of wives. He prepared his heart as humbly as he could, and now that he felt he had conquered the wish to make Rhoda Mainwaring the object of his conversion to this principle, he put his whole soul to the understanding of the revelation. As the winter merged into spring Willard grew a little impatient and was conscious of a desire to begin to look about for himself. He had been in the Territory nearly three years, and as yet he had made nothing for himself. A few dollars in his trunk, some books and his clothes were all he had to show for his time and labor. In this he could not find any blame to attach to his kind employer, for he knew labor was too cheap, money too scarce

for him to make much in this new country at day's labor. However, he felt stirring within him a longing to have a home and to begin to make for himself some ties of love and kindred. He hardly knew how to do this as his heart was centered on the wife in the east and Rhoda was a sad if not bitter memory to him. Aunt Sarah seemed to divine his feelings, a thing Aunt Sarah had a peculiar knack for doing, and spent her peculiar wit on his need for a wife and a home. He was often pained at the odd sallies which, whether unconsciously or not, partook more of sarcasm than wit. Do you know any Aunt Sarahs? How unerring is their aim at the very core of your secret sorrow, how unsparing is their quiet fling at your weakest spot.

Poor Aunt Sarah, when the first day of spring came she was prostrated on a bed of serious illness. It happened on the 1st of March, just after Willard had gone out to his morning chores, little Ellen came running out to him and sobbed,

"Oh, Brother Gibbs, come quick, mamma is dying."

Running past the frightened child, he was in the house and into the bedroom where the five little girls were all running and crying and getting in each other's way. A moment's glance showed him that the mother had fainted while trying to dress herself. He told Mary, the oldest girl, to unloose her mother's dress while he ran for water and camphor. After a few minutes, which seemed hours to the frightened group at the bedside, she opened her eyes and said feebly, "Send for the Bishop."

What was to be done? To leave the suffering woman alone while he took a long ride to the city seemed cruel, and it was out of the question to send one of the little girls. He stood a moment wondering, when the sick woman's eyes opened and she said again,

"Send for the Bishop." Then as if struck with the thought that was worrying him, she whispered, "I will manage till you return, Willard; only be quick, and ask Sister Riggs to come over as you pass her door."

Without waiting for another word he dashed out of the door, jumped on the work-horse, and with a silent prayer for Aunt Sarah's safety until he could return he sped on his way to the city. He called out to Sister Riggs, who stood outside her door, to run over to Aunt Sarah's, as she was dangerously ill. Then on to the city. The Bishop happened to be at home when Willard dashed into the yard, and a few hurried words of explanation were followed by a dash for the light wagon, Aunt Mary was told to put on her bonnet, and into the buggy jumped the Bishop and Aunt Mary. Willard rode up to the drug store for a few medicines and then followed the flying carriage.

He found the Bishop and Aunt Mary already by the sick woman's bed, and came to assist the Bishop in the administration as requested. This was his first experience in this principle, and he was conscious that he was unable to exercise his faith, for he knew not how. The prayer seemed to have an immediate effect, however, for the sufferer at once opened her eyes and said feebly,

"I am so glad you have come, pa." Meanwhile Aunt Mary moved about here and there putting things to rights, comforting the frightened little girls with assurances that mamma would soon be all right, straightening and arranging the bed, putting pillows here and there at the back and feet of the invalid, and finally at her request sitting down by the bed and soothing the restless nerves with her matchless touch.

For weeks Aunt Sarah's life hung trembling in the balance of God's hand, and what an evidence of the power of prayer was shown in her living at all. The doctor who came once to see her said frankly that he could do nothing for her. As he paused Aunt Mary, who stood near, said quietly,

"Then how great a testimony of God's power will be shown in her recovery."

"Do you think, Mrs. Mainwaring, that she is going to live?" queried the little old man who had almost studied himself into atheism.

"To be sure I do. I know she will live," was the calm answer.

"Well," he rejoined, "I wish you would have as much faith in my skill as you do in an unknown God. I might cure her myself if you would have such infinite trust in my skill. Faith in medicine and the one who administers it is indispensable to perfect a cure."

"But there is only a possibility of your curing her even if I trusted your skill ever so implicitly, while there is absolute certainty of her being healed if we put our whole reliance on God. Shall we not choose the surety?"

"Well, well, you Mormons are a peculiar people, no encouragement for skilled doctors or lawyers. When this woman recovers, as I suppose she will, you seem so certain about it, just let me know, it will be another evidence of the power a blind faith in an unknown and impossible God can exercise over disease and death. Singular, I must investigate the matter to the fullest extent." Then bidding them a hasty good-bye, the little doctor hurried away, muttering as he went, "Is it mind or is it will power, or is it the power of intelligence over inanimate matter? What a remarkable people, so simple-minded, and yet so wise after all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE APOSTASY OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

"I CAME not to baptize, but to preach the gospel," were the words of Christ. Having completed the sacrifice and proved victorious over the grave, He tarried with His disciples, unfolding to them the gospel plan and fitting them for the work of the ministry. This done, He departed and the disciples waited until the day of Pentecost, when the gifts of the Spirit rested upon them. Recognizing this as the promised sign that now the time had arrived, they immediately began the work of initiating into the church all who would believe in the crucified Redeemer.

For a period of about nine years the prin-

cial part of their labors was confined to Palestine, among the people of Israel, but their mission being to "Go into all the world," the apostles separated and carried the gospel of Christ throughout the length and breadth of the Roman empire. One of the signs that followed was the spirit of persecution. It came from all directions, from the high priest in Jerusalem to the most ignorant idolator. Emperor and beggar, philosopher and poet, Roman and slave, all united in fighting the kingdom of heaven. In all times like causes will produce like effects, and when the works of the Creator are brought in comparison with the works of man, the latter are so insignificant that its supporters are filled with jealousy and are stirred up like Lucifer to fight against God rather than admit anything more perfect than their own work.

At this time the Roman empire ruled the world as far as it was then known, and while allowing the conquered nations the right to still follow their national customs and to retain their religion, it was with the understanding that everything was subject to Rome. The Roman gods were superior to all others, the Roman citizen had certain privileges granted to him enjoyed by no others. The state was supreme, even their religion was the slave of the empire.

The Roman religion was polytheist. Every act or ceremony had its peculiar divinity. The author of "Ten Great Religions" says, "All pursuits must be conducted according to a system carefully laid down by a college of pontiffs. If a man went out to walk there was a form to be recited, as also if he mounted a chariot." Gibbon says, "The religion of the nations was not merely a speculative doctrine professed in the schools and preached in the temples. The innumerable duties and rites of Polytheism were closely interwoven with every circumstance of business or pleasure, of public or of private life; and it seemed impossible to escape the observance of them without at the same time renouncing the commerce of mankind and all the offices and amusements of society."

The Christian religion taught the principle "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and had a tendency to make men free, alike from the superstition of the age and the half-worship and half-homage manner of viewing the acts of the rulers. For this reason we find that the pagan priests of Ephesus, the high priest at Jerusalem and all the governors and rulers were the bitter enemies of the Christians. No effort was spared to bring to them disgrace or suffering, nor was the occasion wanting. The law was, "Whoever introduces new religions, the tendency and character of which are unknown, whereby the minds of men may be disturbed, shall, if belonging to the higher rank, be banished; if to the lower, punished with death."

The early Christians were not charged with atheism, etc., but with *treason*, for their religion had a leveling tendency and was believed to be directed against the power of the state. It being impossible for conscientious Christians to participate in idol-worship, and it appears from the writings of Gibbon that religion entered into every act of the Romans, the believers in Christ were practically cut off from associating with their fellow-men, they naturally became unpopular and were compelled to meet in secret. This circumstance gave color to the accusation that they were plotting treason and rendered them amenable to another law of the empire, "No man shall have for himself particular gods of his own. No man shall worship by himself any new or foreign gods unless they are recognized by the public laws." (*Neander's Church History*.) They were charged with the crime of sacrificing infants and eating them at their meetings. In this we can see the perversion of the fact that the Christians partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. So much can hatred do that the most innocent act of a person's life can by lies and unpopularity be shown to be one of the most hideous crimes.

Satan having enlisted on his side the whole of the Roman empire, proceeded with his war against the saints. Thousands were sacrificed to the prejudice and cruelty of the people.

Paul was beheaded and Peter crucified A. D. 66. The Christians were charged by Nero with the burning of Rome, and thus inaugurated what is known as the first persecution. Ecclesiastical writers have mentioned ten persecutions. Not that there ever was a time during the first three centuries of the Christian era when they were not persecuted, but these were periods of special severity that are thus named. All manner of torture was inflicted on the unfortunate (?) believers. Many were devoured by wild beasts in the arena, some perished at the stake. One emperor had a number swathed in cloth saturated in inflammable oils and made of them living torches to light his garden.

But it was not alone from the foes without that the church suffered. During the first century a band of heretics calling themselves Agnostics grew up in the church; these dissenters went by various names according to their various beliefs. Having full confidence in their own powers of discernment they did not humble themselves so that the light of the Spirit of God might guide them, but followed their own conceits. There was more danger in these men with their smooth flattery than in all the cruelties of the Pagans. With well rounded sentences they argued their points of doctrine, gradually but surely leading the people back to their old idolatrous religion. Little by little they impregnated the pure stream of revelation with subtle poisons, killing the germs of eternal life, making concessions on one hand, pandering to the depraved ideas of Pantheism on the other, they imperceptibly led the weak-minded back to the groveling position from whence they had been dragged by the power of the gospel. During the life of the apostles, these apostates had but little power, but after the first century their power became greater. There were all sorts of controversies on various points of doctrine. Many of the plain truths of the gospel became hedged in by all kinds of mysteries. The Lord's Supper became transformed, infant baptism was introduced, festivals were

adopted from the Pagans and called saints' days, the old custom of deifying the emperors was replaced by canonizing prominent men. The best flattery is imitation and so no doubt the rulers took the concessions of the church as flatteries to themselves, and as the old mythology was becoming worn out the new system became more inviting, and popularity began to lean towards the old faith with a new name.

As the Christians began to see that their concessions made them many friends, they continued to work farther and farther from their original faith, and almost before they were aware of the fact, so much error had crept in that there was little left of the gospel. God had withdrawn His Priesthood from the earth; miracles had ceased; the true followers of the meek and lowly Jesus had been replaced by bigoted, unscrupulous men, who loved the world and had little regard for things sacred. So gradual had been the change that no time can be given as the date when the apostasy came. All that we can tell is that in the beginning of the sixth century we find a church claiming to be the Christian church with many of the superstitions of paganism incorporated in its creed, seeking for temporal power rather than spiritual supremacy, with all the cruelty of the Roman Empire, and all the arrogance of the Cæsars. The beast with seven heads and three horns had begun its reign, for Satan had given it his power. Again we find the truth of the saying "Whatsoever is good cometh from God." From the date of the establishment of papacy as a temporal power there is a marked change in the affairs of the world. Learning decreases, sciences are forgotten, arts are neglected and a night of superstition and ignorance settles down upon the inhabitants of the earth. The Nephites had before this time been destroyed and on the face of the whole earth there was not a man who held the Priesthood of God or could communicate with the Ruler of the universe. Like the succession of night and day the brightness of the era of Christ's

ministry on the earth was followed by the night of the Dark Ages.

Hiero.

THE DYING PROSPECTOR.

STRICKEN down like a pine on the hills,
A prospector dying,
In a cabin stretched out on his "bunk,"
And still death defying,
Started out of a short troubled sleep,
His sunken eyes gleaming.
And calling his one faithful "pard"
Whispered, "I have been dreaming."

"It was a most beautiful dream,
Of a child and a woman.
Don't think that my senses are wrong,
This pain is still human.
I see by your looks that I'm doomed,
And that thought is bearable,
Though there'll be no welcome for me
Like the son in the parable.

"'Tis strange I should sleep while this pain
Tares life's forces asunder,
And dream such an elegant dream,—
Was it heaven, I wonder?
For I stood on the edge of a plain,
By a swift flowing river,
And the breezes that stirred the deep grass,
Set the rushes aquiver.

"And a woman and child stood alone;
I could not see their faces.
But the form of each one was alive,
With the tenderest graces.
The white of her robe hid her feet
In soft billowy flow,
Like clouds on the horizon piled,
Full freighted with snow.

"Her hair was like shadows close furled
Some fragments escaping.
And the bare arm that held the young child,
Was beauty's own shaping.
And they eagerly, hopefully scanned,
With their faces aglow,
The region that lay to the West,
Of the river's swift flow.

"The boy, with bright down on his head,
Returned her embraces;
And to steady himself, the young prince
Seized a handful of laces,

And noting the smile on her lips
As she waited for me,
He opened his innocent eyes
With profound gravity.

"What a well of deep love from my heart
Gushed out at their feet
As this wraith of the years that are past
Told me how incomplete
Is the life that is given to gain,—
Gold's cankering lust—
Till the soul by its fever consumed,
Is wasted to dust.

"Old comrade, throw open the door,
Let sunlight behold me.
While this dream, like the love of a wife,
Doth softly enfold me;
For the gold that I never shall find,
Is bright in the West,
And the wealth of the world—never mine,—
Is a wife's faithful breast."

From the rough nurse that held his cold hands,
He sought no replying.
And his eyes closed again; who can tell!
Is it dreaming or dying?
The death dew was thick on his brow
As he whispered again:
"There's no prospecting over the 'ridge,'
Cold, hunger nor pain,

"Perhaps 'twas my mother I saw!
My mother and me,
For the scenes of my childhood come back,
And the old home I see.
I can feel now the clasp of her arms.
Oh! comrade, and brother;
Believe me, no love is so sweet
As the love of a mother.

"I would sleep on the side of the hill,
Where my last endeavor,
Left a grave that the digger should fill,
Forgotten forever.
And one who, from choice, spent his life,
On this wolf-trodden plain,
Shall see the green groves of his home,
Ah, never again!

"Just see, the dark river flows here;
My feet are plunging in it.
Though the journey we all have to take,
I am loth to begin it.
For the waters are deep, dark, and cold;
It makes my flesh shiver.
Thank God! there's a hand reached to me
From across the dark river."

Ellen Jakeman.

For Our Little Folks.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No.
7, VOL. XXV.

1. WHEN and where did President Young take his next mission after his arrival from England? A. On the 7th of July, 1843, to the Eastern states.

2. While on his way on the steamboat between St. Louis and Cincinnati, what distinguished person did he fall in conversation with? A. A professor of the Southern University.

3. What desire did he express to Brother Brigham? A. That if agreeable to him he would like to ask him a few questions.

4. What was the President's answer? A. He told him he would answer any questions he might propose, as far as he was able.

5. What was the first question and how did he answer it? A. Had Joseph Smith more wives than one; to which Bro. Young admitted he had, and in order to explain the principle, he asked the gentleman if he believed in the Bible.

6. What was the gentleman's answer? A. He said he was a believer in the Old and New Testament and in the resurrection.

7. What was Brother Brigham's next question? A. He asked him if he believed parents and children,

husbands and wives would recognize each other in the resurrection; also if parents and children would have the same filial feeling toward each other which they have here.

8. How did he answer him? A. He said he believed they would and that their affections would be more acute than they were in this life.

9. What did Brigham Young say in reply to this? A. "We see in this life, that among Christian ministers and all classes of men, a man will marry a wife, and have children by her; she dies, and he marries another, and then another, until men have many wives. Now in the resurrection, this man and all his wives and children are raised from the dead. What will be done with those women and children, and who will they belong to? and if the man is to have but one, which one of the lot will he have?"

10. What did the professor say to this? A. That he never thought of the question in that light before, and said he did not believe those women and children would belong to any but those they belonged to in this life.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 7, Vol. 25: H. H. Blood, Bertha Howell, C. E. Wight, Rebecca C. Allen, Sophronia Wood, Emma E. Tolman, Annie S. Sessions, H. C. Blood and Jennetta Blood.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHERE was Brigham Young on the 27th of June, the day of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum? 2. How did he feel in the evening while waiting at the depot for the train? 3. When did he learn of the martyrdom from a reliable source? 4. How did he learn of it? 5. What was the first thing that entered his mind when he heard the news? 6. Who sat by the side of him at this time? 7. What did the President say after further reflection upon the matter? 8. Where did he go from Peterboro? 9. When did they arrive in Nauvoo?

THE MOST USEFUL TREE.

THE shower drove the children indoors. It did not matter much, for darkness had settled down and mamma was lighting the lamps.

"What shall we play now?" boisterously asked Fred.

"Stage-coach," suggested Harry.

"That is too noisy," thoughtfully objected Fanny. "It will give mamma the headache."

"Hot-Butter-Beans," proposed little Susy in a squeaky voice.

"I think we have romped enough," decided George, the most demure of the group. "Some other sort of enjoyment is in order now."

"A sensible remark," commented mamma.

She placed writing materials upon the table, sat down with her sewing and pleasantly asked,

"What is the most useful tree in the world? Each of you take a sheet of paper and name the tree, giving your reasons for thinking so. It will be an exercise in composition and will test your general information."

"I think it is a capital idea," cried George, as he caught up one of the pencils.

The only protest came from little Susy.

"Mamma, I can't p'ay it," whined she. "I can't yite."

They all laughed but mamma, who said,

"That is so, little dear. Well, here are the scissors. Take a sheet of paper and make a doll."

That caught Susy's fancy, and she was soon snipping away to little purpose, her chubby mouth imitating every twist of the scissors.

"Mother, we ought to be limited as to time," suggested Fanny.

"Yes, I did not think of that," replied mamma. "It wants a quarter of eight. When the clock strikes eight the compositions must be folded up and handed to me."

"But look at George!" cried Harry. "He has got the start of us."

"He should not be blamed for that," replied mamma. "Perhaps he will be through five minutes sooner."

A very much absorbed party they were for the stipulated fifteen minutes. They were so quiet that the

clock seemed to tick unusually loud. The cat got up from her place on the rug, and walked around the table, and crooked her back, as if puzzled over the prolonged stillness.

When the clock struck eight, the children folded up their compositions and handed them to mamma. Little Susy had fallen to sleep; her head was resting on her arm, the bright, sharp scissors extending along her cheek, in dangerous proximity to her eye. Fanny first removed the scissors and then Susy; she tossed the former into the work-basket and deposited the latter on the lounge, making her comfortable, and fondly kissing the flushed cheeks.

Mamma adjusted her glasses, picked up one of the compositions, and read aloud as follows:—

“What would we do without the caoutchouc or India rubber tree? From the juice a number of useful articles are made, such as gum boots, gum coats, gum blankets, tents, dolls, baby rattles, nursing-bottles, umbrellas, car-springs, etc.”

“The rubber tree,” commented mamma, “abounds most on the rich lush flats of the Amazon. The principal market is Para, whither the rubber is carried on the backs of Indian porters or mules. Brazil alone markets about fifteen million dollars’ worth of rubber every year.”

The next composition was the following:—

“I suggest the bread-fruit as the most useful tree. At least I should

think so if I lived in the tropics. It is largely found in the islands of the Pacific. The fruit when dead ripe is as sweet and nourishing as bread. The pulp is made into a delicious pudding by adding cocoanut milk. The South Sea Islanders make cloth out of the bark, and it is as handsome as cloth spun from cotton or wool, but will not last as long.”

“It is a beautiful tree, for I have seen it growing in the botanical gardens,” mamma said. “A lazy house-keeper might consider herself happy with bread-trees and cow-trees growing in her garden.”

“The baker and milkman would be likely to protest,” remarked Harry.

“I think the cocoanut-palm is the the most useful tree,” read mamma, as she opened the third composition. “It furnishes food and milk. Sugar can be made from the sap and cooking utensils from the nuts. The fiber which envelops the nuts can be made into cordage, and is most excellent for calking ships, as it swells when it imbibes the water and does not rot like tow. Oil for lamps is expressed from the fruit, and umbrellas are made out of the dry, plaited leaves.”

“The palms are all valuable,” commented mamma. “The date-palm furnishes dates, sugar, starch, baskets, mats, etc. The coquita-palm furnishes the Chillians with palm-honey, which equals the best molasses. From the piassata-palm of Brazil is procured the vegetable ivory and the coarse brooms used in all

parts of the world for cleaning streets."

The last composition was the longest and best:

"The bamboo-tree is the most useful tree in the world. It is used for almost every conceivable purpose. In building houses, its large stems serve for pillars, rafters, and planks; the leaves furnish thatching for the roof, and the small fibers matting for the floor. It is manufactured into bedsteads, tables, chairs, musical instruments, baskets, sieves, cups, brooms, soles of shoes, pipes, bows and arrows, twine, candle wick, and fibre for stuffing pillows. It is made into boats, sails, cables, rigging, fishing-rods, and life preservers known as swimming-jackets. It is used in agriculture for plows, carts, wheelbarrows, fences, and water-pipes. Its small shoots form chop-sticks; its more tender shoots are boiled and eaten; its pith is turned into pickles and sweetmeats; and the thick juice is regarded as a valuable medicine."

As mamma folded up the last composition, she looked around.

"The bamboo-tree takes the prize," declared Harry. "It is easy to tell that is George's composition"

"But it isn't," replied mamma, laughing. "It is Fanny's." Whereupon Fanny grew very red in the face.

"I didn't know the branches grew large enough to build houses with," Harry said.

"Many of the canes are thicker than a man's arm," stated Fanny. "The tree reaches the height of eighty feet, and bears neither blossom nor fruit."

"There is a great deal to be learned about trees," George sagely remarked.

"And a good deal to be learned about pretty much everything," added mamma.

Selected.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

WAIT not till the little hands are at rest

Ere you fill them full of flowers;

Wait not for the crowning tuberose

To make sweet the last sad hours;

But while in the busy household band

Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still

For the loving look of praise;

But while you gently chide a fault,

The good deed kindly praise.

The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear:

Oh fill your lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on cold clay lips

To the rosy mouth we press,

When our wee one flies to her mother's arms

For love's tenderest caress!

Let never a worldly babble keep

Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Circling your lives with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,
Where the rose has faded away

And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh cherish it while you may!

And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's
hours,

And fill young hearts with sweetness.

THE "MORMON" BOY.

WORDS BY J. W. WHINYATES.

MUSIC, "THE MINSTREL BOY."

1. The 'Mormon' boy to the West has gone, In Freedom's ranks you'll find him. The
 2. Not mob law reign or the Gentile chain Can keep his free soul un - der, In

'Sword of Faith' he has gird-ed on And Bab'lon left be - hind him. 'Dear
 God's good time he will rise a - gain And burst all bands a - sund - er Fair

Land of Truth,' said the Pil-grim bard, 'Tho' all the world be - trays thee, Thy
 U - tah though ty - rants sul-ly thee Land of our fath-ers brav-ery, Thy

faith-ful sons thy rights will guard, Thy faith-ful daugh - ters praise thee.
 homes were made by the pure and free, And ne'er can thrive in slav - 'ry.'

THE PROPER METHOD OF BREATHING.

IT IS necessary for vigorous mental or physical work that the air should be pure. It is equally important that pure air should be breathed by a proper use of the lungs. The *Educational News* makes these wholesome suggestions:

In fact, the manner of breathing at any particular time is almost as good a test as the pulse itself of the general state of the system, physical and mental. One of the commonest

faults in the use of the lungs is the habit of breathing, as it were, from their surface, not bringing sufficiently into play the costal and abdominal muscles. By watching the domestic animals, a horse or a cow, for instance, we may learn a lesson in breathing. We perceive that there is very little motion near the fore extremities, but the breath is impelled from the flanks. So should we have the main action at the waist. Any form of dress or belt, therefore, which constrains the base of the lungs and presses upon the stomach and intestines, must do serious harm.

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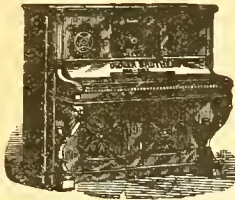
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FROM THE SALT LAKE HERALD, APRIL 10TH, 1890.]

THE HERALD DISTRIBUTION.

J. S. HOLLAND, OF MONTPELIER, GETS THE PIANO, W. L. EVANS, OF KAMAS, THE BAIN.

The Lucky Parties who are Awarded the first 33 Premiums—The Prizes are Widely Distributed.

The third annual distribution of premiums to the subscribers of the SEMI-WEEKLY HERALD occurred at the Salt Lake theater yesterday at 11 o'clock a. m. Three thousand three hundred and fifty-six subscribers to that issue had availed themselves of the opportunity to secure numbers, but there were not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred in attendance, which evinces something of the widespread confidence with which the distribution has come to be regarded. The estimate of the total number of receipts which would be issued had been placed at 3000 by the HERALD canvassers, but the rush during conference had been much larger than anticipated, and the total was 3,356.

The following committee was chosen from the body of the house: H. H. Goddard, Ogden; William Harker, Taylorsville; W. G. Farrell, Franklin; James Howell, Tooele; John Kinke, Mona.

These gentlemen at once took charge of the stubs of the 3,356 receipts which had been issued, together with all the duplicates of the numbers designed to be put in the wheel. The wheel, made of glass, was placed on the table in the center of the stage. While the committee retired to examine the books, stubs and duplicates, Prof. Daynes and one of his pupils, Miss Romney, entertained the assemblage with several four-hand selections rendered in brilliant style on the prize Fischer piano, which stood at one side of the stage and was the admired of all beholders. In about fifteen minutes the committee returned and Mr. Goddard, the chairman, stated that they had examined all the books, found that 3,356 numbers had been issued as stated and that a duplicate of every number issued was on hand ready to be put into the wheel. To the question how some receipts were numbered higher than 3,356, it was answered that 4,800 receipts had been printed, so that books could be sent to all HERALD agents, but that in many cases only parts of books had been used. All the numbers were then put into the wheel and all were well shaken up. A boy named Major was chosen to draw the numbers forth, and amid a deep silence the drawing began by the judges calling out the numbers, and a clerk calling back the number of the prize to which it was entitled. When the first number (4279) came out, and it was announced that it was held by J. S. Holland, of Montpelier, Idaho, and that he would be awarded prize number one, the Fischer piano, there was a round of applause. The first thirty-three prizes awarded are as follows:

1—A Fischer grand upright piano, F. E. Warren Mercantile company, 10 E. Second South, Salt Lake City, value \$500, No. 4,279, J. S. Holland, Montpelier.

2—A thoroughbred Holstein bull, Jordan stock farm, value \$200, No. 347, W. F. McLean, Castle Gate.

3—An elegantly finished Bain wagon, Co-op Wagon and Machine company, value \$175, No. 4,118, W. L. Evans, Kamas.

4—A lot in Garden City, Senior and Rand agents, value \$150, No. 986, R. Tidwell, Smithfield.

5—A yearling Holstein Jersey heifer, Jordan stock farm, value \$126, No. 3,739, B. Hanks, Franklin.

6—A purse of one hundred dollars gold, No. 3290, Mary V. Pritchett, Fairview, Utah.

7—A lot in Lake City, value \$100, Pratt Bros., No. 3119, Joseph Wilde, Coalville.

8—A Domestic sewing machine, Young Bros.' company, value \$70, No. 3967, W. M. Stookey, St. John.

9—A new Plano mower, Studebaker Bros.' Manufacturing company, value \$65, No. 3,710, O. C. Loveland, Deweyville.

10—A purse of fifty dollars gold, No. 581, Charles Alley, Lake Town.

11—A combination fence machine, Burton, Gardner & Co., value \$50, No. 4,678, N. Williams, Provo.

12—A fine saddle, N. C. Christensen & Bro., value \$45, No. 714, W. E. Partington, Logan.

13—A breech-loading shotgun, Browning Bros., Ogden, value \$40, No. 2,837, J. B. Crawford, Orangeville.

14—A Roster fanning mill, Folsom & Scofield, value \$50, No. 3,267, William Groves, Red Canyon.

15—A set of Collier's American Chambers' encyclopedia, Collier & Co., HERALD building, Salt Lake, value \$30, No. 1,448, Thomas Eymen, Rock Springs.

16—A life-size bust photo, Morris & Co., Salt Lake, value \$30, No. 1,224, H. E. Lewelyn, city.

17—A purse of \$25 gold, No. 1,446, J. Peart, Farmer's ward.

18—A purse of \$25 gold, No. 460, F. Robinson, Richmond.

19—A set of "V. T. R." family remedies, C. E. Johnson, value \$25, No. 3,019, J. H. Cederlund, Montpelier.

20—An elegant toilet set, Johnson, Pratt & Co., value \$25, No. 8, Charles Walter, Murray.

21—A selection of fruit, shade or flowering trees, Utah Nursery company, Salt Lake, value \$25, No. 1,921, Paul Poulson, Ephraim.

22—A selection of fruit, shade or flowering trees, Utah Nursery company, Salt Lake, value \$25, No. 1,311, S. Rust, Kooshaream.

23—A set of Dickens' complete works, 15 volumes, half calf, H. Pembroke's, value \$25, No. 168, J. W. Lee, Coalville.

24—A single buggy harness, W. Jenkins & Sons, Salt Lake, value \$25, No. 3,233, O. Sanderson, Fairview.

25—One fine steel engraving, gilt frame, "Consolation," value \$20, No. 476, Joseph Crook, Payson.

26—One steel engraving, "Mother's Joy," value \$20, No. 1,099, H. H. Watson, city.

27—One steel engraving, "The Holiday," value \$20, No. 3,272, A. Anderson, Red Canyon.

28—One steel engraving, "Foxes at Play," value \$20, No. 1,907, J. P. Peterson, Ephraim.

29—A Browning rifle and 100 cartridges, Browning Bros., Ogden, value \$16, No. 566, J. Atwood, Kamas.

30—A set of dishes, Hook & Clawson's, Salt Lake and Ogden, value \$15, No. 3,960, O. F. Mallenberg, Santaquin.

31—One heating stove, "Rival Universal," Cooper Piper & Co., Nephi, value \$15, No. 32, John Richens Pleasant Grove.

32—An elegant banjo, value \$15, No. 1,031, E. E. Shoebridge, Provo.

33—A bolt of dress flannel, Cutler Bros., Salt Lake, value \$12, No. 2,807, Wm. Defrieze, St. George.

The remaining 1,467 will be printed in the SEMI-WEEKLY HERALD.

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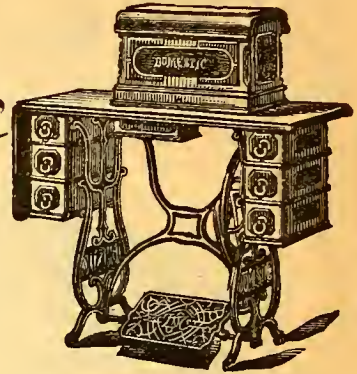
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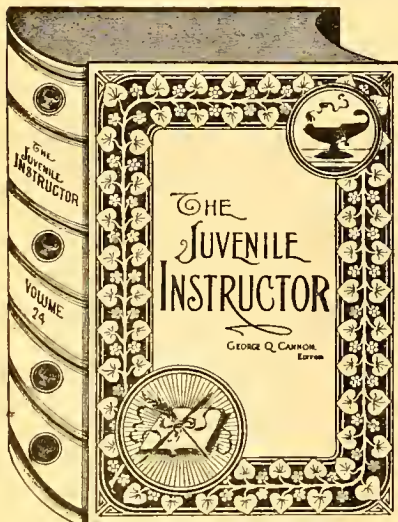
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